

"THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW," No. 83. Decidedly, it is high time that this Magazine should add to its titles, as long since fairly won, another: for it surely was not, when begun near seven years ago, named "democratic" only by a figure of anticipation; and, since it is the high doctrinal and literary organ of the "Progressive" party, it is surely time to move on to the further style of the "Democratic Review, Dorr Indictorator, and Jacobin Journal."

Cade was but a novice in destruction; who saw, indeed, admirably what was to be brought about, that such as he might become the lords of all, and establish in a State a perpetual eminence for men who can rule only amid public infatuation; but he was headlong. He had a wise horror of Latin; but, to subvert it, he should have countenanced the sort called canine, and uprooted Latin with Latin itself, as our Radicals overthrow all liberty by promoting its excess. He detested books; which, indeed, was natural enough in that undisciplined age, when, few but the good and wise writing them, they were the friends of sense and order and morality. Could he have known what a French novel is, or have heard of Godwin's "Political Justice," or Paine's "Age of Reason," he would have turned patron of literature, founded a Democratic Review, and have been not only its Meccas or Augustus, but perhaps one of its distinguished contributors.

Now, in politics and government, there may be, as in every thing else, too much as well as too little; there may be too much power, there may be too little; there may be too much governing, and there may be so little check upon individual will that in effect there is no real government at all, but every thing is the report of the wild collective mass of individual passions and notions, that fluctuate in every direction, and know as little any certain control of law, as any suggestion of a regular and intelligent policy or plan. These seemingly opposite states are really but the same: both are despotisms: for what is a despotism, after all, but a government in which the public good is not regarded, and where no man knows what his rights are?

Nor, indeed, do the legal power of one man—the limited monarchy—and that of all men at once—an unbridled democracy—fairly speedily to come to the same point, the ascendancy of one man's will, and the whole source of law. Let them set out—both legal at first—in opposite directions: let that set east, for progressive kingly power, and the other west, for progressive popular emancipation from all restraint of its will; and they will only meet at the antipodes, like two ships taking precisely opposite courses, but coming exactly together on the other side of the globe. Jacobinism leads as fast and as surely to the final despotism of one man as ever did monarchical usurpation, however daring. Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and their fellows or rivals who led on the French people to all the bloody excesses of their revolution, were the fathers of that absolute power which Napoleon was only able to erect, because a people weary of disorder will ever at last take refuge from demagogues and anarchy

by a usurper who began by pulling down the magistrates, to win the populace, with the pretence of making them freer, of being more their friend than the laws? How was it but thus that Pisiistratus made himself master of Athens? That city had, after the last of her Kings, Codrus, established a republican Government, as we did, when we shook off the authority of the British crown. The government, however, at last grew unsettled, the laws ineffectual, as ours did under the old Confederation; and they called a Solon, like WASHINGTON, to give them a better system. He did it, with great wisdom and patriotism. But upon the very popular freedom which he had perfected arose a *tyranny* of the

they only lead to but confusion go on. But no matter. Pisistratus turned their very services against them, and made the people think that none were so dangerous in a State as those who had done the most for it. While the feelings which he thus most fruitfully kindled up are at their height, he one day suddenly appears before the people as if fresh from the country, his mules cut in many places, his attendants (who were in the plot) bloody, his own person slashed with wounds, all made with his own hands, and, with tears in his eyes, tells them he must abandon their cause; that these wounds were what he got by his zeal for them; that the Aristocrats had waylaid him, and that he had barely escaped with his life. The exasperated multitude swallow the tale; cry out that he shall continue to lead them; vote him the means of raising a strong guard for his person; and put him in possession of the citadel, which commands the town. Well, once here, what has he to do? Not much more. He soon converts his guard into instruments against their fellow-citizens, by making them subordinate partners in a "spoil system;" enlists other adherents in the city by promises of office; and, as soon as strong enough, throws off the mask and puts on the purple of the tyrant.

Such is popular freedom, that noblest and happiest of things while uncorrupted by the fatal arts of those who lead it on to license and excess. Everywhere, its history is, must be, the same, from the very nature of that form of government. Nowhere is the regular Government, nowhere legal authorities ever been able to encroach upon it: at best, the utmost that these have ever been able to do was to sustain, not stretch, the laws—defend, not enlarge their powers, against the tendency to greater and greater freedom (as it always seems) that at last inevitably comes—as we fear it too soon may do with

To the particular articles in its present number, we have hardly left ourselves space now to advert ; and the rather that we have already engaged specially and separately to examine one of them, on "the Mexican Question," which the Administration has, through its organ here, adopted. There is yet another which we may incidentally notice: but we must pass to a different magazine:—the following :

"THE AMERICAN REVIEW: a Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art, and Science. No. 5, Wiley & Putnam, New York."

The leading article of this, entitled "the Mystery of Iniquity," has already attracted much attention, as offering a very strange and startling anatomy of the gigantic yet secret system of gambling frauds and corruptions which was set in play in New York under the Presidency of Grant. It is a very full and accurate paper, though striking in its election. This first number, however, is not without its disclosures, and does not arrive at the minor details and methods, but is chiefly occupied with describing the necropolis.

"An animated and good review, or rather abstract," (continued from the preceding number,) of Thiers's "Consulate and Empire," is the next prose paper; and is followed by a dissertation upon Petrarch, his poetry and his passion. "The Boy-lover," a long miscellany of "Thoughts on Reading," an Indian legend of metamorphosis, "the Mocking-bird," an essay on the "Past and present state of the Indian tribes," and others at which we have barely been able to cast a glance, ensue; the number closing with a biographical notice of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of whom a good portrait adorns the front of the volume.

FROM THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

We republish here a fragment on Irish affairs, left unfinished by the late Rev. SIDNEY SMITH, at the time of his death, a copy of which we received from England by the last steamer. It is written with so much of his originality and wit that it will be read with pleasure by all, and it is so liberal in its views, when it is remembered that its author was a clergyman of the Church of England, that the reader, who takes his views from the American principle of toleration, will find additional satisfaction in it. It contains some passages which we may hope would have been erased or amended had the life of its author been spared to complete it; but, with the allowance that just criticism will make for a work left thus necessarily imperfect, it will be found fully to sustain his reputation not only as a writer but as a philanthropist.

There is a story in the Leinster house which passes under the name of *'She is not well.'*

A Protestant clergyman, whose church was in the neighborhood, was a guest of the house of that upright and excellent man the Duke of Leinster. He had been saying there three or four days; and on Saturday night, as they were all retiring to their rooms, the Duke said, "We shall meet to-morrow at breakfast." "Not so (said our Milesian Protestant): your hour, my lord, is a little too late for me; I am very particular in the discharge of my duty, and 'your breakfast will interfere with my church.'" The Duke was pleased with the very proper excuses of his guest, and they separated for the night; his Grace perhaps deeming his palace more safe from all the evils of life for containing in its bosom such a

years. Robert did well in fighting it out with O'Connell. He was too late; but when he began he did it boldly and sensibly, and I, for one, am heartily glad O'Connell has been found guilty and imprisoned. He was either in earnest about to repeal or he was not. If he was in earnest, I entirely agree with Lord Grey and Lord Spencer that civil war is preferable to repeal. Much as I hate wounds, dangers, privations, and explosions—much as I love regular hours of dinner—foolish as I think men covered with the feathers of the male *Puffin*—much as I hate the sea, and the sea, and the sea, and the sea, and the sea—much as I detest all these follies and ferocities, I would rather turn soldier myself than acquiesce quietly in such a separation of the empire.

But, after all, I have no desire my dear Daniel should come any harm, for I believe there is a great deal of virtue and excellent meaning in him, and I must now beg a few minutes conversation with him. "After all, my dear Daniel, what is it you want? a separation of the two countries? for what purpose? for your own aggrandisement? for the gratification of your personal vanity? You don't know yourself; you are much too humble and modest a man, and too clear-sighted."

*cheer*. A far better anthem would be *Erin go broad and cheer*. *Erin* go cabins that will keep out the rain, *Erin* go potatoes without holes in them! What folly to be making utterances about governing your own country when you are good and well governed already! It is while to rush into and rebellion in order that no better laws may be made in another place! Are you an Eton boy, who has just come out of Eton? Future's *Lives*, and considering in every case how Epaminondas or a Cato would have acted, I have been on our own dear Daniel, drilled in all the business and bustle of life. I am with you heart and soul in your detestation of all injustice done to Ireland. Your priests shall be fed and paid; your soldiers shall be paid and clothed; your magistrates shall be paid; your civil affairs the most even justice be preserved between Catholic and Protestant. Thus far I am a thorough rebel as well as yourself, but when you come to the pernicious notion of the right of the people to elect their own laws, who has the grains of common sense, I take my leave."

It is interesting enough that although the Irish are beginning to be so clamorous about making their own laws, that the English are beginning to be clamorous about making theirs since their union with England. All Catholics, however, have been absolutely a good police has been established all over the kingdom; public courts of petty sessions have been instituted; free trade between Great Britain and Ireland has

The first thing to be done is to pay the priest, and after a little time they will take the money. One man wants to repair his cottage, another wants a buggy; a third cannot shut his eyes to the dilapidations of a curfew. The draft is payable at sight in Dublin, or by agents in the next market town dependent upon the commission in Dublin. The housekeeper of the holy man is importunate for money, and if it is not procured by drawing for the salary, it must be extorted by curses and communications from the ragged worshippers, slowly, sorrowfully, and sadly. There will be some opposition at first, but the facility of getting the salary without the violence they

The Roman Catholic priest could not refuse to draw his salary from the state without incurring the indignation of his flock. "Why are you to come upon us for all this money, when you can ride over to Sligo or Belfast and draw a draft upon Government for the amount?" It is not easy to give a satisfactory answer to this, to a shrewd man who is starving to death.

the thing and preservation, or the thing and improvement which mankind ever made was the secession from the See of Rome, and the establishment of the Protestant religion; but though I have the sincerest admiration of the Protestant faith, I have no admiration of Protestant hassocks on which there are no knees, nor of seats on which there is no superincumbent Protestant pressure, nor of whole acres of tenantless Protestant pews, in which no human being of the 500 sets of Christians is ever seen. I have no passion for sacred emptiness, or pious vacuity. The emoluments of those livings in which there are few or no Protestants ought to be the wealth of the poor, and not to be the property of the few, to the exclusion of the predominant religion, or some arrangements made for superseding such utterly useless ministers immediately, securing to them the emoluments they possess.

powerful and more popular than when you cast them in the shade of the great names of the past, and down O'Connell. He has been of eminent service to his country in the question of Catholic Emancipation, and I am by no means satisfied that with the gratification of vanity there are mingled genuine feelings of patriotism and a deep sense of the injustice done to his country. His first success, however, flung him off his guard, and perhaps he trusted too much in the timidity of the present Government, who are by no means so ready to follow him as he is to follow them.

If I thought Ireland quite safe, I should still object to injustice. I could never endure in silence that the Catholic church of Ireland should be left in its present state: but I am afraid France and England can now afford to fight: and, having wasted a little money, they will, of course, spend it in fighting.

That puppy of the wares, young Joazeville, who enters in the ranks of the army, and is immediately promoted to the super-cadet, income-tax man, a universal insurrection in Ireland, and a crisis of misery and distress, in which life will hardly be worth having. The struggle may end in our favor, but it will *not* be; and the object of political wisdom is to avoid these

I want to see Patrick at the loom, cotton and silk factories springing up in the bogs; Ireland a rich, happy, and quiet country; seafaring, carling, cleaning, and selling calico, and making clothes, and even after a long time allotted to them for making clothes, and were ever after in marked rank naked.

Remember, that between your impending and your past wars with Ireland there is this remarkable difference. You have given up your Protestant auxiliaries; the Protestants enjoyed in former disputes all the patronage of Ireland; they fought not only from religious hatred, but to preserve their monopoly. That monopoly is gone; you have been candid and just for thirty years, and you have no more religious monopoly. You have only to defend the partiality of the Government and to stifle the cry of justice. The next war will not be between Catholic and Protestant, but between Ireland and England.

I have some belief in Sir Robert. He is a man of great understanding, and *must* see that this eternal O'Connelling will never do—that it is impossible it can last. We are in transition state, and the Tories may be assured that the Baronet will not go too fast. If Peel tells them that the thing must be done, they may be sure it is high time to do it; they may retreat mournfully and sullenly before common justice and common sense, but retreat they *must* when Tamworth gives the word, and in quickstep too, and without loss of time.

And let me beg of my dear friends not to imagine that they involve for a single instant the character of the Government, or of the administration. Is there a Chartist in Great Britain who would not, upon the first intimation of such an attempt, order a new suit of clothes, and call upon the baker and milkman for an extended credit? Is there a political reasoner who would not come out of his hole with a new constitution? Is there one ravenous rogue who would not be looking for his prey? Is there one honest man of common sense who does not see that universal disaffection and civil war would follow from the blind fury, the childish prejudices, and the deep ignorance of such a sect? I have the highest opinion of the courage and the honesty of the men who have taken this course, and do something next session for the payment of the Roman Catholic priests. He must run some risk of shocking public opinion; no greater risk, however, than he did in Catholic Emancipation. I am sure the Whigs would be true to him, and I think I observe that very many obtuse country gentlemen are alarmed by the state of Ireland and the hostility of France and America.

Give what you please to the Catholic priests, habits are not broken in a day. There must be time as well as justice; but in the end these things have their effect. A hungry, a houseless man, who has been told that he will be paid quarterly, in the long run these are the cures of sedition and disaffection; men don't quit the common business of life and join bitter political parties unless they have something useful to complain of.

But where is the money—about £400,000 per annum—to come from? Out of the pockets of that best of men, Mr. Thomas Grenville; out of the pockets of the Bishops, of Sir Robert Inglis, and all other men who pay all other taxes; and never will public money be so well and wisely employed.

It turns out that there is no law to prevent entering into diplomatic engagements with the Pope. The sooner we become acquainted with a gentleman who has so much to say to eight millions of our subjects the better. Can any thing be so childish and absurd as a horror of communicating with the Pope, and all the hobgoblins we have imagined of preminures and outlaws for this contraband trade in piety. Our ancestors (strange to say, wiser than ourselves) have left us to do as we like, and our Government do what they can do lawfully. The better, the better the opportunity of doing good. Irish affairs have been long, for ever, having no good and dignified agent at the Court of Rome. If it depended upon me, I would send the Duke of Devonshire there to-morrow, with nine chaplains and several tons of Protestant theology: I have no love of popery, but the Pope is at all events better than the idol of Juggernaut, whose chaplains I believe we pay, and whose chariot I dare say is made in Long Acre. We pay £10,000 a year to our ambassador at Constantinople, and are startled with the idea of communicating diplomatically with

fish Church support. Many of the clergy are constantly engaged to overreach and undermine one another. Every man looks to his own private emolument, regardless of all covenants, expressed or implied. The curate does not make a fair return to the parish priest, nor the parish priest to the curate. The curate is not content with his stipend, but he is covetous, and seems to think he would be almost justified in appropriating the whole to himself. And how can all this be otherwise? How are the poor wretched clergy to live but by setting a high price on their theological labours, and using every incentive of fear and superstition to extort from six millions of beggars the little payments wanted for the bodies of the poor. I support the clergy, I maintain that the clergy are necessary to the support of the religious genius of six millions of people in such a state of destitution! to bestow no more thought upon them than upon the clergy of the Sandwich Islands! If I were a member of the Cabinet, and met my colleagues once a week, to eat birds and beasts, and to talk over the state of the world, I should begin upon Ireland before the soup was finished, go through fish, turkey, and saddle of mutton, and then, when I had got to the end of the table, I should turn to the throat of the incredulous Haddings; but there they sit, week after week; there they come, week after week; the

[illegible]

With extreme violence, the altar, to come about him might  
wither; that he will not touch him under a suit of clothes,  
equal to ten pounds. The family resist, the altercation goes  
on before the perishing artisan, and the price is reduced to  
eight pounds; Mr. and Mrs. Place is offended. On the ensuing Sun-  
day the child of Lord B. is to be christened: the godfathers  
and godmothers will only give a sovereign each: the Doctor  
denies it, and the clergy, and the church itself are a scene of  
clamor and confusion. These circumstances, which in such  
similar circumstances, would take place here, for the congregation  
want the comforts of religion without fees, and will cheat the clergyman if they can; and the clergyman, who  
means to live, must meet all these artifices with stern resistance.  
And this is the wretched state of the Irish Roman Ca-  
tholics! A large number of them stain on English  
land, *the unspeakable*, and *the unchristian*.

A writer, who has been in this country some a real bishop, says that he has seen the Bishop of London, and that he ally the bad passions of mankind and to reconcile contending sects with each other. What peace and happiness such a man as the Bishop of London might have conferred on his empire if, instead of changing black dresses for white dresses, and administering to the frivolous disputes of foolish zealots, he had labored to abate the hatred of Protestants for the Roman Catholics, and to excite the powerful aristocracy to promote religious peace in the two principal Sects! The Bishop is sufficiently a man of the world to deal with fanaticism. The way is not to reason with them, but to ask them to dinner. They are armed against logic and remonstrance, but they are puzzled in the labyrinth of wines, disarmed by facilities and concessions, introduced to a new world, come to see things in a different light, and cold, and dry and sweet, than when they were first received; and so the Bishop of Newnan, Keble, and Pusey, will be able to do more good than all the rest of the clergy put together. So the primitive and perpetual curia of Puseyism is captured into practical wisdom and coaxed into common sense! Providence gives us Generals, and Admirals, and Chancellors of the Exchequer; but I never remember in my time a real Bishop, a grave elderly man, full of wisdom, and sound views of the middle virtue and paternal government.

perfect tenet, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and glowing eloquence; in Parliament never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the Government when it was right, leaning to the people when they were right; feeling that if the Spirit of God had called him to that high office he was called for no mean purpose, but rather that, seeing clearly, and acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefit upon mankind.

We consider the Irish clergy as factious, and as encouraging the bad anti-British spirit of the people. How can it be otherwise? They live by the people; they have nothing to live upon but the voluntary oblations of the people; and they must fall into the same spirit as the people, or they would be sure to lose all. No marriage; no important masses; no services; the altar is deserted; the people are without a priest.

Give the clergy a main motive to separate from the will of the people, and you will then enable them to do so with the madness of the people. The objection to the State provision does not really come from the clergy, but from the agitators and repealers: these men see the immense advantage of carrying the clergy with them in their agitation, and of giving the sanction of religion to political hatred; they know that the clergy, moving in the same direction with the people, have an immense influence over them; and they are very wisely afraid, not only of losing this co-operating power, but of seeing it, by a State provision, arrayed against them. - I am fully convinced that a State payment to the Catholic clergy, by leaving to the clergy the whole body of men the exercise of their free judgment, would be the severest loss that Irish agitation could receive.

For advancing these opinions, I have no doubt I shall be assailed by Sacerdos, Vindex, Latimer, Yates, Clericus, Arpex, and be called atheist, deist, deceiver, smugger, poseur, highwayman, Unitarian, and Edinburgh reviewer. Still, *I am in the right*, and what I say requires excuse for being true and obvious, not for being mischievous and paradoxical. I write for three reasons: first, because I really wish to do good; secondly, because if I don't write, I know nobody else will; and, thirdly, because it is the nature of the animal to write, and I cannot help it. Still, in looking back I see no reason to repent. What I have said *ought* to be done, generally has been done, but always twenty or thirty years too late; I done, not of course because I have said it, but because it was no longer possible to avoid doing it. Human beings

I have always compared the Protestant Church in Ireland (no) to the institution of butchers' shops in all the villages. I believe my countrymen, *we will have a butcher's shop in every village, and you Hindoos shall pay for it. We know that many of you do not eat meat at all; but still the sight of a beefsteak is particularly offensive to you; but since the English European may pass through your village, and want a steak, or a chop: the shop shall be established, and you shall pay for it!* This is English legislation for Ireland! There is no abuse like it in all Europe, in all Asia, in all the discovered parts of Africa, and in all we have heard of Timbucto? You require to be protected by a British garrison, and a British force, which costs more than a million a year, in order to protect you, in the first French war, in spite of the puffing and swamping of fighting steamers, will *must* break out into desperate rebellion.

It is commonly said, if the Roman Catholic priests are paid by the State, they will lose their influence over their flock. To their financial influence; not that influence which any way may be lost. No man would wish to see in all religions; not the desire of power, nor the love of money, nor pride, nor the prevalence of faction, and fraternal animosity, nor the loss of fellowship in nation, and fraternal affection, nor the loss of respect to God. A peep-of-day clergyman will no longer preach to a peep-of-day congregation; a Whiteboy vicar will no longer lead the parish to Whiteboy vocalists; but every thing that is good, and every thing that is true, will remain. This, however, is not what the anti-British faction want; they want all the animosity which piety can breathe, and the more animosity, the more which the priesthood can preach to diversity of faith; and therefore it is what they mean by a clergy losing their influence over their people! The less a clergy exacts of his people, the more he loses of their respect, of right, the less will be the friction between him and his flock, and the less will be the friction with which he exercises the duties of his office. A poor man's Catholic may respect a priest the more because he has no titles and annots; but he respects him because he associates with his name and character the performance of sacred duties, not because he exacts heavy fees for doing so. Double fees would be a very doubtful cure for scepticism; and though we have heard much of the influence carried away from the Church by the benefit of the clergymen, we do not remember to see any marks of satisfaction and delight which it produced in the countenance of the decimated person. I am thoroughly convinced that State payments to the Catholic clergy would remove a thousand causes of hatred between the priest and his flock, and would be as favorable to the increase of his useful authority, as it would be fatal to his factions influence over the people.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TRIBUNE

IRELAND, APRIL, 1945.

We are in the midst of a most violent religious agitation which threatens to overturn the present Ministry by its violence. The debate on the Government measure introduced by Sir Robert Peel—"to give an increased grant to Maynooth, and to make the grant permanent, and not, as heretofore, annual, at the option of the majority"—has thrown the whole of the empire into a state of ferment. "Never," says the *London Times*, "do we recollect a period at which strong, or feelings on the subject of Protestant interests were manifested by the nation thus now." Not even did the excitement which attended the delivery of the *Prayer Book* in the last struggles of the Stuarts exceed that now witnessed through-out Great Britain respecting the grant to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, (for the education of Catholic clergy). It further adds: "Had Sir Robert the least notion of the spirit he was about to arouse, he would in all probability have abstained from the attempt, which is calculated so much to perplex his followers, and to shake his popularity to its very foundations."

Eye-witnesses describe the commotion in London on Monday evening last, and throughout the succeeding day, as beyond description, so universal was the outpouring of the people's denunciations against the measure and against the Minister. In every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland men and women meted out their abuse of the Government and its measures. In Dublin, and the other principal cities of Ireland, the same decision has been come to; and even should the measure pass, it is agreed that an agitation for its repeal shall be set on foot, which, in its energy and perseverance will outvie that for the repeal of the Union! The success or failure of such a movement cannot calculate on this, so singularly puzzling are the chances. The House seems to feel that it is now passing through the ordeal-fire of public opinion, and that as members now speak and vote, the ensuing Parliament purified by a general election will have no more to do than follow the lead of the people, some being restored to their seats with honor, others being dismissed with disgrace. Between this fear of responsibility and the dread of offending the power that be, there is an evident conflict, which gives the discussion much of interest. There is no doubt that Whigs will lose much support; while it is equally certain that if they do, they will lose their party. This is the alternative offered by the English people!

The opposition to the bill (which proposes to give £28,000 grant and £3,300 for building purposes, together with increased salaries for holding real estates, &c.) is based on the principle that the State should not be asked to contribute to the support of religious institutions, or to the maintenance of the clergy, from the taxes levied on the people. The bill is also opposed on the ground that, but to an *increase* of it; second, on persons who object to any grant whatever, on the grounds that the State is neither as private individuals nor as a government can be justified in granting money for the propagation of what they regard as error and idolatry. The third branch are they who take the wider ground, that, whether the religion in question be the true religion or not, it is either supported by the State, or is opposed to any proposition for the endowment of religion, whether in England, Ireland, or Scotland. There is another body who would give the grant, provided the State had not control over the College. Thus at a glance you will perceive a variety of motives, and a variety of grounds, on which persons of what a combined force of classes, parties, and sects the Minis-

Mr. Gray Porter, the great advocate of Federalism, has gone over to the Republicans, and has made two speeches in support of them. He has been called the "rascal of the nation," or, so he terms it, "National Militia," to be local, as O'Connell suggested to him, by act of Parliament! Rather doubtful act, I fear, and Mr. G. Porter is too vain to do any good to any Society. It was, however, the only novel thing in the proceedings. The rent, swelled by receipts from Boston, Philadelphia, and Vermont, amounted for the week ending 17th inst. to £1,000.

O'Connell has been rather peaceably disposed, on the proposed subject of the Queen's visit to Ireland, and has pledged himself to the Corporation to forego his favorite toast of "Repeal" on the occasion of the Civic Dinner to be given to her Majesty. It is, however, doubted in the best informed quarters whether her Majesty will come at all. It will depend very much on the result of the May meeting.

The emigration is very strong, and principally of small tenant farmers, who take out means with them of settling in the interior. You will not be troubled with many of the poorer class, as provisions are plenty, and the season promises fair. Our spring has been late, but very favorable.

**A FOURMEN EXPERIMENT.**—A company of ten persons in Rochester have started a sort of Fourier Association on a new plan there. They have rented the United States Hotel, at a yearly rent of \$750, in joint occupancy as a mutual boarding house. Boarders are taken in less at \$1.60 per week on the old plan. But the peculiarity of the plan is, for these ten men, to obtain at a far less cost for house rent, fuel, servants' time, &c., greater domestic privileges than before, better and larger rooms, a more varied table, an exemption from the annoyance of housekeeping on a small scale, and the opportunity of superior social privileges. The persons who have undertaken this plan of association are said to be *practical mechanics*.—N. Y. Mirror.

THE BEL AND THE ANCHOR.—A curious lot not a very uncommon discovery was made in Hanoine last week. The moorings lately occupied by the *Acteon* 26, of St. John's Leke were examined for the purpose of repairing their defects, when, on heaving up the anchor, a small hole was perceived in the stock on the surface, which was filled with a substance so tenacious. The anchor was brought on shore for inspection, and on driving off the hoops and taking the stock apart, came out a fine black congor eel, above four feet in length, and weighing above ten pounds. He must have entered when very young, as the hole on the outside would not admit one-half his size, and the hole on the inside would not admit one-third. The eel means have lived well, as he was remarkably fine and fat.—*London paper.*

of the wonders of modern science—one of those magnificent facts of electrical phenomena flying scattered by hundreds all about, and which will one day be erected into a theory beyond all conception sublime, both in its operations and results. We sowed yesterday a little plant in a jar about the size of a coffee cup, furnished with the electro-magnetic scales (copper and zinc) planted beside the roots. In the last twelve hours it had grown three-quarters of an inch.—*N. Y. Tribune.*